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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

#### II.

In the preceding number our attention was directed to the manner in which sound is propagated in various media, and to the consideration of its velocity in fluids, liquids and solids.

The intensity, also, of sound differs in media of different chemical and mechanical natures. It varies in atmospheric air with its density or specific gravity. Hawksbee, in his experiments detailed in the London Philosophical Transactions, with an atmosphere in the usual state, heard a bell at the distance of 30 yards. With a force of two atmospheres at 60 " With a force of three atmospheres at 90 " But did not notice a corresponding increase of sound at greater densities.

Priestley ascertained by experiment that the sound of a bell in hydrogen gas was scarcely louder than in a vacuum, whereas both in oxygen and in carbonic acid gasses it was louder than in air. M. Perrolle found that a sound, which ceased to be heard in atmospheric air at the distance of 56 feet, ceased to be heard in oxygen at 63 feet, in carbonic acid gas at 48 feet, and in hydrogen at 11 feet. Chladni also found that the sound of hydrogen gas in an organ pipe was feeble and difficult to distinguish, while that of oxygen was

stronger than that of common air. If hydrogen gas be breathed for a few moments, the effect upon the voice is precisely the same as that noticed by travellers in ascending very high mountains; the vocal tones, in both instances, becoming enfeebled and raised in pitch.

In certain states of the atmosphere sounds are conveyed over water or a surface of frozen snow or ice with remarkable distinctness, and to an almost incredible distance. Instances are well authenticated, in which, under these circumstances, and in the clear, still air of a winter's morning, a conversation has been carried on at distances greater than a mile.

In the morning, before sunrise, the voice, and occasionally the laugh of the sailors on board of an English man-of-war at anchor off Spithead, have been heard at a place at Portsmouth, distant two and a half miles in a direct line. On the authority of Derham\*, the human voice has been heard across the straits of Gibraltar, more than ten miles. The sound of a military band, at the hour of roll-call, has been heard at a distance of twenty-one miles from Edinburg castle.

The effect of sound propagated through mixed media is exceedingly curious and instructive, and, in connection here, deserves our careful consideration. We have already seen the facility with which an impulse is transmitted through a solid substance which is homogeneous and uniform in structure. But if the material or substance has different densities, or consists of different bodies imperfectly mixed, or is interrupted by empty spaces, the sound will either be greatly diminished or entirely destroyed.

As an analogous illustration of this, witness the difficulty with which light is transmitted through a glass filled with cracks, imperfections and impurities.

So, also, when the medium is a mixture of gasses, vapors or liquids, or a combination of the one with the other, the effect, on both the velocity and intensity of the sound, is still more striking.

Mr. Leslie found by experiment that, when the air of a receiver was only half exhausted and the deficiency supplied with hydrogen gas, the sound of an enclosed bell was thereby diminished so as to become scarcely audible. Recognizing, again, the analogy of light and sound, in this respect, Mr. Herschell thus illustrates its imperfect transmission through a mixture of different densities.

When we add syrup to water, or brandy to water, and look through the glass at a candle before they have combined, the candle will appear like a cloud, or as if we had viewed it through a piece of ground glass. When the light passes from a portion of the water to the brandy, or from the brandy to the water, a part of it suffers reflection, and, as the separating surface can seldom be perpendicular to the ray, a part of the light will also suffer refraction. Now, as this must take place many hundred times while the light is passing through a large glass of these imperfectly blended liquids, it is not difficult to understand how we are unable to see objects distinctly through the mixture. With sound the effect is precisely the same, but if the two media are of very different characters, the one a gas and the other a fluid, as in the case of falling rain, or the one a gas and the other a solid, as in the case of falling or newly fallen snow, the scattering and deadening of the sound is still more complete.

The effects here produced are attributed, as in solids, to a want of homogeneity in the medium or substance through which the sound is passed. The explanation given by Mr. Herschell is as follows:

The sonorous pulses, in their passage through the mixture, are, at every instant, changing their medium. Now at every change of medium two things happen; first, a portion of the wave is reflected and the intensity of the transmitted part is thereby diminished; secondly, the direction of propagation of the transmitted part is changed, and the sonorous rays, like those of light, are turned aside from their direct course. Thus the general wave is broken up into a multitude of non-coincident waves, emanating from different origins, and crossing and interfering with each other in all directions. Now, whenever this takes place, a mutual destruction of the waves, to a greater or less extent, arises, and the sound is stifled or obstructed. But of all causes which obstruct the propagation of sound, one of the most effective is, the want of perfect adhesion at the juncture of the parts, of which such medium consists. The effect of this may be conceived, by regarding the superficial strata of molecules of each medium, when in contact, as forming, together, a thin film of less elasticity than either, at which, therefore, a proportionally greater reflection of the wave will take place, than if the cohesion were perfect; just as light is much more obstructed by a tissue of cracks pervading a piece of glass than it would be by any irregularity in the composition of the glass itself. Further yet; as the parts of a non-homogeneous medium differ in elasticity, the velocities with which they are traversed by the sonorous pulses also differ, and thus, among the waves which do ultimately arrive at the same destination, in the same direction, some will arrive sooner, some later.

This will account for the phenomena of double sounds, sometimes heard in particular states of the atmosphere, and (it seems to us,) also, for the peculiar harshness and discordant nature of musical tones, when heard in similar circumstances. Every military band, who have attempted to play

\* Philosophical Transactions. 1708.

in the early morning, when the air was loaded with vapors, and the earth reeking with fogs and exhalations, are conscious of the unusual difficulty attending their efforts, and the listener, under such conditions, cannot but have remarked the unsatisfactory nature of the music. Hence we can understand the importance of measures to preserve the contained air of a concert room in a uniform state.

On the other hand, it is a curious fact, that, in their passage through a bland and pure atmosphere, inharmonious sounds even, will amalgamate and strike upon the ear with a pleasant accent. Space or distance, in this case, seems to act as a purifier of sound, sifting out and absorbing the discordant portions, and allowing those without alloy only, to pass through. Mr. William Gardiner, author of "Music of Nature," appears to have first called attention to this peculiar fact. Its explanation may be found, in part, perhaps, in the greater permeating power of musical or harmonious sounds over mere noise (for such all discord may be termed) of the same intensity; but it must still be regarded, in great part, as one of the unexplained mysteries of nature. We shall have occasion, also, to refer to this principle, when we speak of the capacity of an apartment requisite to give to music its best effect.

A familiar illustration of the imperfections and alterations which occur in the communication of vibrations from one medium to another in immediate contact, when its homogeneity is disturbed, is obtained in the experiment originally made by Chladni:

If we pour sparkling champagne into a tall glass till it is half full, the glass cannot be made to ring by a stroke upon its edge, but emits a dull, disagreeable sound. This effect continues as long as the effervescence lasts, and while the wine is filled with air bubbles. But as the effervescence subsides, the sound becomes clearer and clearer till, at last, the glass rings as usual, when the air bubbles have disappeared. By reproducing the effervescence, the sound is again deadened as before. The cause of the result obtained by M. Chladni is, says Mr. Herschell, that the glass and the contained liquid, in order to give a musical tone, must vibrate regularly in unison as a system, and if any considerable part of a system is unsuceptible of regular vibration, the whole must be so.

In the case just mentioned, the sound is excited in a solid and transmitted to a fluid medium. The converse of this must also be true, i. e. when a sound passes from a fluid to a solid, which is in contact, if this latter medium be not uniform and homogeneous in its structure. Thus every musical performance is modified essentially in its quality by the character of the structure in which it is given; and hence the importance of attention, in this particular, in the choice of materials, and manner of constructing the walls of an apartment built for musical effect.

On some of the principles just stated can, also, be explained many facts and phenomena in the natural world.

The deep and awful silence which reigns in the elevated regions of the globe is owing, not only to the lack of the ordinary sounds of animated nature, but to the diminished density of the air acting, as we have seen, both to enfeeble and modify the powers of speech, and deaden the force of such sounds as actually exist.

The period of night seems peculiarly adapted to the formation and transmission of sound, especially musical sounds. If we may credit the

reports of travellers, the tones of those birds in the equatorial regions which sing at night are singularly plaintive and melodious, as we know to be the case with the mocking bird, the whippoorwill and the nightingale. To certain sensitive minds almost all sounds, at this season, partake of a musical character; to such there is melody in the running waters of a brook; the hum of insects is a song;—the voice of falling water mingles with the rising wind and the distant surging of the ocean to form a mighty chorus. The hush of nature, even, in the silent eloquence of night, is woven into harmony, and

"The mute still air  
Is music slumbering on her instrument."

But the attention of the most unimaginative cannot fail, at such time, to be arrested by the prevalence of sounds of which they took no cognizance during the day. In the pure atmosphere that often prevails at night in tropical climates, such phenomena are particularly striking.

Humboldt was of opinion that the noise of the great cataract of the Orinoco, when heard at night, in the plains which surround the mission of Apures, was three times louder than during the day. The explanation given by this eminent traveller, and repeated by Mr. Herschell, is as follows:

In a hot day, when a warm current of air ascends from the heated ground and mingles with the cold air above of a different density, the transparency of the atmosphere is so much affected that every object seen through it appears to be in motion, just as when we look at any distant object over a fire or flame of a candle. The air is, therefore, during the day, a mixed medium, in which the sounds are reflected and scattered in passing through streams and strata of different densities, as in the experiment of mixing atmospheric air and hydrogen. At midnight, on the contrary, when the air is transparent and of a uniform density, as may be seen by the brilliancy and number of the stars, the slightest sound reaches the ear without interruption.

In this greater distinctness of sounds by night, doubtless, something must be attributed to the absence of the usual noises of the day, and the consequent greater sensibility of the auditory apparatus to impressions; but the reasoning above given is philosophically correct.

From the facts first stated, some important maxims may be gained in reference to the system of ventilation and warming to be employed in Halls devoted to music.

U.

[Translated for this Journal.]

### The Overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

In the catalogue in the composer's own hand, the "Magic Flute" (*Die Zauberflöte*) bears date June 17th, 1791. But the overture was first composed toward the end of September, that is, after the *Clemenza di Tito*. Still it is not the chronological ground especially, which has induced us to divide the overture from the opera in our analysis. Far weightier reasons have required a special article upon the work, which we propose now to examine.

In the first place, it is not necessary to consider the overture to the *Zauberflöte* as an integral part of the drama which it opens. For reasons, which I shall adduce, it cannot for a moment be so regarded. A musician, who is in earnest with his work, always seeks to establish obvious relations between the leading thoughts of the libretto and

the introductory symphony. He endeavors to prepare the audience for the contents of the piece, to familiarize them beforehand, through a series of purely musical impressions, with the sphere of feeling or of feelings that predominate:—such is the end of the dramatic overture. It is the same for all. Although the means of execution naturally admit of infinite variety, both as to idea and form, yet they may be all reduced to one single distinction. Either the subject of the opera is taken as a whole, or in its details. In the first case the instrumental music limits itself to reproducing the main character of the drama; or it imitates the drama, in its way, ideally, with perfect freedom, without regard to the progress of the action, and without borrowing from the body of the work. An instrumentist of science and genius will even avoid too plain resemblances with the forms of the vocal melody; he will build his analogous structure upon independent thoughts, upon themes, whose developments and modifications will universalize the connections or conflicts of the drama and show the characteristic types of persons and situations without the admixture of accidents and individualities. In our view this form of the overture, which might be called the *dramatic-thematic*, is the most excellent, but also the most difficult of all. Few besides Mozart have excelled in it. Moreover we have other works, of a less strict unity and less learned execution, than Mozart's overtures, which likewise correspond to the abstract universality of the drama and which are also masterpieces. We need only point to Cherubini's overtures, perhaps the finest which our century has produced, to those of Beethoven, to some of those of Mehul, of Winter, of Spontini, of Spohr, and of some other less renowned or younger masters.

As to dramatic overtures of the second category, those namely which embrace and follow the libretto in its scenic details, their use is rather modern. They are made up of extracts from the score, of motives from the opera, which they commonly select from the most striking passages of the piece and then weave the whole together with some accessory thoughts. To these, I think, undoubtedly belongs the epithet of *programme-overture*. The Andante of the overture to "Don Juan," which however is nothing but the introduction of the symphony, belongs to this class; so too the Andante of the overture to *Così fan tutte*. The finest, most complete and most dexterously executed dramatic programme is the overture to *Der Freyschütz*.

There are operas, which have no proper overture, but only a short instrumental introduction, which is connected with the first scene. *Robert le Diable* is an instance. Such overtures in little may be introduced sometimes with much effect in the interacts, as for example in "Joseph" and in the *Wasserträger*.

If we pursue the inquiry, we find still a fourth mode of opening an opera. That is with no overture at all. Rossini in his "Moses" has chosen this form, which is unquestionably the most expeditious, if it be not also the most difficult and the best.

All dramatic symphonies, (of course I mean good ones,) have consequently this in common, that, springing from the inspirations of the subject, they must be regarded as integral parts of the operas for which their composers have written them. The question now arises, in which of the

four above-named classes should we rank the overture to the *Zauberflöte*? what are its general or special relations to the libretto? It has none at all, and for the reason that nothing cannot sustain relations to nothing. Even supposing Schikaneder's piece to have had some meaning, still the overture, as it is, would in no case have reproduced either the thoughts or specialities. It is a Fugue, and a Fugue is always too indefinite in its analogical expression to be subordinated in a clear and positive manner to the sense of any drama whatsoever. O incalculable might of chance! We cast ourselves at thy feet and worship thee. When Mozart came home from Prague and saw himself compelled to end an opera, which only waited for an overture, to be brought out, he reflected how he had to make this overture. He finds that none of the existing and customary musical forms for works of this kind are suited for a piece so destitute of all poetic form. In his despair he chooses an antiquated form, long since abandoned for the very reason that it opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the demands of theatre music. He applies all his immeasurable genius and his contrapuntal learning to renovate this obsolete and refractory form, and lo! out of this extremity of need arises the most extraordinary and most brilliant of all masterworks, and that for the very reason that the poem of the *Zauberflöte* has neither head nor feet. The reader will not doubt this, if he will read the following passage, which I take from Koch's *Musical Lexicon*, article "Overture."

"In general this word means every instrumental piece of some extent, which serves as the opening or introduction to an Opera, a Cantata, a Ballet, &c. In a stricter sense it means a peculiar kind of Symphony, which is of French origin, and which owes especially to Lulli, the characteristic form which distinguishes it. The Overture, as a genus, begins with a not too long Grave, in 4-4 measure, of majestic, solemn, animated character, followed by a Fugue, of which the tempo is rapid and the rhythm proportioned to the dashing of the composer. Commonly it is a free Fugue, interrupted now and then by several side-thoughts, which do not all spring immediately out of the theme and counter-theme,\* and which the orchestral parts frequently deliver in the manner of a solo."

This description contains word for word the technical plan of our overture. Koch further adds:

"During the last twenty-five years of the seventeenth century this class of compositions was introduced into Germany, where Telemann developed it with great industry and care. Hasse, Graun and other composers, who were famous about the middle of the last century,† also employed this form in their operas. About the year 1760 they began more and more to abandon it, so that to-day (1802) works executed after this pattern may be reckoned among antiquated compositions. Among the moderns, Mozart, (in his overture to *Zauberflöte*) has completely rescued this form from the unjust contempt into which it seemed to have fallen."

This seeming contempt, however, was not so unjust, since out of this countless multitude of Introductions, not one has been found worthy to

preserve the memory of this class for posterity. Did the musical public of Germany, in the year 1791, know many overtures of Lulli? Was it any better acquainted with those of Telemann, a much later musician, and who, as Gerber declares, has made more than six hundred of them? Do we even speak of Handel's overtures? I believe not. Why then should Mozart, the boldest and most fruitful of the moderns, he, who has brought the true style of the dramatic symphony to the highest degree of perfection, — why should he, I say, go back a century and take up an invention of Lulli's, a Gothic form, which excludes the Drama, unless he has perceived that Schikaneder's libretto, a mere nothing in itself, on its side rejects the means of a universal expression, whereby alone the orchestra can and must indicate beforehand the nature of the play? Mozart could certainly have made a programme overture; but this means he would surely have despised, if he had found or known it. The incompatibility of this style with the spirit of his instrumental works is too apparent.

Nevertheless a writer in the *Musikalische Zeitung* of Leipzig has seemed to discover that direct relation between the overture and the opera of the *Zauberflöte*, which has always escaped me. He says: "that Mozart, when he composed a Fugue, had in mind all that belonged to the temple, and that accordingly the theme alludes to the babble of the bird-catcher." With all the respect due to this writer, I must still remark that there is here an obvious contradiction. If the Fugue is to remind us of the temple, how could the subject, the very essence of this Fugue, remind us at the same time of the babble of a miserable buffoon, such as Papageno is? The truth is, nothing is less like church music than our overture, much as it is a Fugue. Just as little does it refer to the bird-catcher, whose dramatic importance is about the same with that of the music-loving apes and lions in the opera. By what inconceivable distraction could the composer have forgotten Tamino and Pamina, the hero and heroine of the drama, whose love and adventures form its subject, if indeed we can speak of a subject here? In the overture to *Le Nozze* does not the crafty Figaro dance about before the audience and mock them? Do we not find the seducer of so many fair ones, the murderer of the commander, who enchants us by his heroic feats of gallantry and freezes us with terror by his tragic end, in the overture to "Don Juan"?

Do we not see the fluttering lovers hover about in the overture to *Così fan tutte*? And finally in the overture to "Titus," what hear we thundering in our ears but the great warlike deeds of the Roman general? The principle, which requires that the sense of the overture should refer to the hero of the piece or to the main action of the drama is so natural, so reasonable, that one cannot imagine why Mozart, who had always observed it until then, should have departed from it in the *Zauberflöte*. But he did not depart from it, since he had already beforehand renounced every positive analogy. I say positive, for should we seek one, not proceeding from any of those arbitrary interpretations, which the musical sense of every hearer instantly pronounces false, we should indeed find one; but it would be so vague and general that the right of property of the piece in the overture would be little strengthened by it. The Marvellous forms the

basis of the opera; it also forms the character of the symphony; and that is the only relation that exists between the two. It is very broad, we repeat it; so broad, that the overture to the *Zauberflöte* might serve for any other opera founded upon rose-colored miracle.

I have thought I could not give attention and room enough to the proof of this striking fact, that, had there lain a shadow of sound human understanding in Schikaneder's piece, the most astonishing masterpiece of Mozart would not have existed and one of the most authentic titles of his earthly mission would be lost.

(Conclusion next week.)

[From the New York Tribune.]

## MUSINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BY C. F. CRANCH.

In the clear September moonlight  
Dark the eastern mountains rise,  
And the River, calm as ever  
One broad lake of silver lies.

Like a frame the leafy garden  
Claps the dreamy picture round,  
And I gaze and gaze forever  
By the spell of beauty bound.

O'er the water's burnished mirror  
Darkly glide the shadowed ships,  
So the glowing Past is shaded  
By our gilding thought's eclipse.

Bright, broad River — flow forever  
In the moonlight to the sea.  
But those joyous days thou never,  
Never can'st bring back to me.

See! the frame the leafy garden  
Arches round the pictured scene,  
Like a cypress wreath is growing  
Dark — too dark for this — I ween.

One, who wreathed the lovely landscape  
With these green and shady bowers,  
Past away — away forever  
With his fleeting garden flowers.

And the lawn beneath the linden,  
And the shrubs and vines so green,  
And the fragrant beds of roses,  
And the winding paths between;

And the house in beauty bowered,  
Rare in beauty of its own —  
Ne'er again may hear the music  
Of those days forever flown;

Ne'er again shall hear the murmur  
Of the joyous company  
Whom those festal days of summer  
Crowned with mirth and melody.

Silent River — sadly flowing!  
Shadowed sails like thoughts of pain  
Slowly cross thy gleaming silver,  
But they catch the light again.

Darkly bend the mountains o'er thee,  
Dim and dusky in the night,  
But their summits woo the moonbeams,  
And are touched with heavenly light.

Life is rich and Nature lavish,  
Providence is large as Fate.  
Many a joy they hide in secret  
For the lone and desolate.

After sunset clouds of crimson,  
After twilight comes the moon,  
After moon-set still the starlight,  
Still the morning's daily boon.

And the cloud that lowers the darkest  
Holds the blessing of the rain —  
And the grief that stuns the deepest  
Hath another touch than pain.

NEWBURN, Sept. 28, 1852.

MEN METAMORPHOSED INTO INSTRUMENTS.  
The London *Times* thus describes the "Organophonic Band," which has been performing at St. James's Theatre:

\* Frequently these side-thoughts were dance melodies.

† The author of this article ought to have named Handel above all others.



The old anecdote of the Greek philosopher, who, when asked to applaud a singer for his skilful imitation of the notes of a nightingale, answered that he was quite satisfied with hearing the nightingale itself, does not seem to produce any moral result, if we may judge from the crowd that last night attended and applauded the performance of a body of substantial-looking foreigners, who took pride in converting themselves not only into fiddles, violoncelli, and bassoons, but even into drums and cymbals. Nay, one more ambitious than the rest actually made of himself a musical snuff-box. Had Ovid been alive, here was something towards a 16th book of the *Metamorphoses*.

Altogether the "Organophonic Band," who, without instruments, can, by the voice alone, imitate all the brass, wood, and catgut in a regular orchestra, possess a certain talent which may possibly please a certain portion of the public. The imitation of a drum by a strange motion of mouth, of the trumpet by a forced action of the facial muscles, of the pizzicato of harp or violin by what, for want of a classical word, we must call the "pop-pop-popping" of the lips; of the piccolo by whistling, and of the cymbal and musical snuff-box by some vocal contrivance we cannot venture to describe, is close enough to amuse those happy folks who have an hour or two to wile away; and perhaps a gentleman who had swallowed three bottles of heavy port, and whose imagination was stronger than his memory, might fancy himself in the presence of a real band of instrumentalists. Moreover, the artists are handsomely attired in the military undress of Hungary, and have a solemnity and earnestness of deportment which inspire a feeling of respect for their vocation. A mustachioed Magyar, six feet high and stout in proportion, uttering the notes of the "wry-necked fife," is a sight not to be seen every day. Nor should we forget the opportunity which this exhibition affords of studying the human countenance under very peculiar circumstances. Our uninitiated readers have no conception of the pretty face which a man makes when he produces the sound of a cymbal, by twitching up the corner of his mouth and a puff of one cheek.

The repertoire is very large, comprising solos, overtures, dances, in great variety, which are all played in the singular manner above described, and are occasionally relieved by a little regular singing, which is not of first-rate excellence.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## THE MUSICAL SCALE.

### VI.

#### COINCIDENCES.

It seems from what has been set forth, that perfect intonation requires 70 sounds within the octave. Theory is satisfied with no less. Practically, however, there will be found certain coincidences in nominally differing sounds, which will reduce the number very considerably.

I recommend to such of your readers as are interested in this subject to procure a piece of paper which is ruled both ways, so as to be divided into small squares, say the eighth of an inch in size. Making the distance from line to line the measure of the comma, lay off 106 upon one line for the extent of two octaves (fifty-three being the number of commas in one octave). Write the letters of the natural scale, C<sup>2</sup>, D<sup>2</sup>, E<sup>2</sup>, &c., through two octaves, placing them so as to have the proper measure in commas, viz.: 9, 8, 5, 9, 8, 9, 5, 9, 8, 5, 9, 8, 9, 5.

Lay off the scale of G<sup>2</sup> underneath, beginning at the G of the natural scale, placing the A at 9 commas from G<sup>2</sup> and the F<sup>2</sup> at 9 commas from E<sup>2</sup>. Proceed in the same manner to mark off the scales, going on by fifths to six sharps, viz.: C<sup>2</sup>, G<sup>2</sup>, D<sup>2</sup>, A<sup>2</sup>, E<sup>2</sup>, B<sup>2</sup>, F<sup>2</sup>.

Construct the scale of F<sup>2</sup>, making the D a comma lower or farther to the left, which will be

D<sup>1</sup>, and placing the B $\flat$  at the distance of 5 commas above A<sup>2</sup>. Go on to the key of G $\flat$ <sup>2</sup>.

It will be found that certain sounds which have different names are in fact identical in pitch. The following are the ones referred to:

F <sup>2</sup>	is the same as	G $\flat$ <sup>2</sup>
C <sup>2</sup>	"	D $\flat$ <sup>2</sup>
G <sup>2</sup>	"	A $\flat$ <sup>2</sup>
D <sup>2</sup>	"	E $\flat$ <sup>2</sup>
A <sup>2</sup>	"	B $\flat$ <sup>2</sup>
E <sup>2</sup>	"	F <sup>2</sup>

This disposes of 6 sounds.

The fourth of the minor scale is the same sound as the sixth of that major scale which lies next towards the flat signatures. For example the D<sup>1</sup> which belongs in A minor is identical with the D<sup>1</sup> of the scale of F. Likewise the G<sup>1</sup> in D<sup>1</sup> minor is the same with the G<sup>1</sup> of the scale of B $\flat$ <sup>2</sup>.

This does away with 12 sounds more.

The leading note or seventh in the minor of D<sup>2</sup> is the same sound as D<sup>1</sup>. This disposes of one more. In all, now, we have eliminated 19 sounds, leaving us 51 which are indispensable to perfect harmony in thirteen scales major and thirteen minor.

We have here assumed twenty-six scales, including both modes, as the utmost that need to be provided for in the organ. But for some purposes a larger number of scales may be required and for other purposes less. For the common uses of a church organ, I suppose eleven major and nine minor would be amply sufficient. For an organ to be placed in a music hall, where Bach's Fugues and Handel's Oratorios would claim a hearing, more would be demanded.

The number of pipes in the octave for the few scales used in common church music would not exceed thirty-six.

Whether it be practicable to construct an organ capable of being played with ease in all these keys, is not an open question. It has been decided affirmatively and triumphantly by Messrs. Alley and Poole of Newburyport. These enterprising and scientific gentlemen have actually built and exhibited an instrument, called the "Euharmonic Organ," which gives music with absolute perfection of intonation in eleven scales of each mode. I shall give some account of it in a future article.

E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Temperament.

I sympathize most heartily with the mathematicians of "E. H.," but I conceive that his application of them is mistaken, if he wishes to show that the purest harmony is in all cases best. I think that a careful examination of the practice of good violinists, &c., will show that superiority of those instruments which can give all shades of sound, consists not in their ability to make perfect chords, but in their ability to vary the temperaments. I think that practical violinists sharp the major third in cheerful music and flat it in sombre passages; and I believe that if all music were in perfect harmony, it would lack much of its best expression. This is not a question to be decided by formulas or authorities, but, like the question between the German and Italian schools, to be decided by the ears of good judges.

T. H.

ARCHITECTURE, says Madame De Stael, is frozen music.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## From my Diary. No. VI.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13. In the *New York Quarterly*, No. III. for this month, is an article on Music, in which near the close is the following sentence:

"The gloomy Beethoven, shrouded in a malady from all the charm of German society, grappling alone, in silence, with the profound mysteries of life, and hurling at the world the wild and wonderful results, is no purveyor of comforts for sentimentality."

True enough that Beethoven was no manufacturer of musical sugar plums; but the epithet "gloomy," so commonly applied to him, is objected to. It implies too much.

Take some parallel cases.

It is premised that the artist, be he painter, sculptor or musician, throws more or less of his own individuality into his works. You see in the works of Rubens, the grand, powerful, mighty spirit of their immortal painter; in those of Raphael, judging from some ten or twelve specimens, the gentle and divine spirit of that greatest of artists; in the pictures of the Dutch School,—even in Scriptural scenes—*Dutchmen*. In music this is still more manifest. Handel loved pomp and show; he moved among the great as of them and belonging to them. Both physically and mentally he was cast in a grand mould, and this character is impressed upon his music. Of all choruses his are the most majestic. What majesty breathes forth from every chord of that hackneyed "See the conquering hero comes!" from the Dead March in *Saul and Sampson*,—from every part of the *Messiah*, the *Israel in Egypt*—even when sacrificing to the absurd fashions of his day, in his Arias, with their long divisions, and in passages where the object is plainly to please the learned by exhibiting his wonderful power over the mysteries of counterpoint; so also from the Dettinger *Te Deum*, the *Acis and Galatea*,—with all its delicious tenderness—and of course from his organ music,—from all comes forth and enters the heart of the hearer that same spirit of majesty. It was ingrain, it belonged to the nature of the composer—and he is properly called—none so worthily—the majestic Handel.

Haydn was cast in a different mould. A sleek, handsome, dark little man, always happy and joyous, cheerful as the day is long, petted by his emperor, and paying him with his heart, never knowing any deep sorrow—except in the misfortunes of his "kaiser,"—and this only when he had begun to sing: "*Hin ist alle meine Kraft*"—(gone is all my strength),—what should characterize his music but cheerfulness and true religious joy? A German critic truly says:

"Haydn had from the first and forever the vocation to make music; for this vocation he rejoiced; in this vocation he was true, happy and pious, and that which he was, he imprinted upon all his works."

So completely was this the case, that whenever he will plunge into the depths of human feelings and emotions, he generally fails. He may employ all the means and appliances of the art to awaken horror, to thrill with awe, but the hearer will not be horrified, his bosom will not thrill—he sees father Haydn's pleasant face peeping out from behind the mask to see what effect he has produced. The composer is describing something he cannot feel, and of course the hearer does not feel it.

The chaos, which forms the overture to the *Creation*, is, in its form, its chords, discords and progressions, and in its choice of instruments, meant to depict the deepest gloom—when as yet the cheering influences of light were not. But it does not make the listener gloomy. One marvels at it, watches the tones of the various instruments struggling upward from the rude mass of sound, and curiously marks the spell with which the clouds of tones separate and combine and at length become changed into the order and harmony of sweet music. How different the effect of the bald and thin instrumentation of the overture to the *Messiah*! He who has a heart really to be touched by the "concord of sweet sounds," may, in these days of Beethoven instrumentation, think little at first of the quaint, old fashioned strains. But there is a power in them. Mankind is all gone astray, is in danger of the judgment and is comfortless! and all this is told in those wailing and sobbing chords. I know of nothing of higher dramatic effect, upon him, who enters into the spirit of music, who gives his heartstrings into the leading hand of the composer,

than the consoling, peace-speaking "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," following those tones of despairing sadness, which close that overture, whose apparent poverty of invention, as Rochlitz says, *must* have been intentional.

Now Haydn attempted to produce a similar effect by following the "rapid fall" of his rebellious angels, with "a new created world." How exquisitely beautiful this is, needs no word of remark—but has he produced the effect? In none of his symphonies which I have heard, neither in his "Seasons," does he succeed in reaching the depths of sadness and gloom. The joyous Haydn—was there ever a more appropriate epithet?

So with the tenderness and *humanity* of Mozart—universal in his works. Yet what horror in the famous scene in "Don Juan!" Grown men feel when hearing it like children awed by a ghost story, when they cling to each other in the chimney corner. Mozart knew every human emotion, he painted them all, and this is just as evident in the mighty "Requiem" as in the *Così fan Tutti*. So with the exquisite taste and refinement of Mendelssohn. In the most delicate "Song without Words," and in the awfully sublime scene where the prophet stands upon Horeb, the mount of God, and the Lord passed by, every where that same exquisite taste and refinement is the marked characteristic. It was so with the man himself. Those who knew him speak of him yet with tears.

Now can the epithet "gloomy" with equal propriety be applied to Beethoven? During the first years of his residence at Vienna, no one could be in a position more to his mind than he was. Petted by princes, discomfiting the sticklers for rules by his audacious innovations, and rubbing his hands with glee when he had called down upon his head the anathemas of all the contrapuntists by some new stroke wilder and more incomprehensible than ever; going to Prague and taking the whole musical public by storm; journeying to Berlin and playing before the king, and receiving "a gold snuff box filled with gold pieces, such as are usually given to ambassadors," and coming back to the caresses of prince Lichnowsky and *papa* von Swieten—here was nothing to make him gloomy. Nor do the works of that period exhibit it.

But now comes that malady, which for a time drove him to the borders of despair, and an epoch of wretchedness followed such as no other composer has known. But by degrees he became reconciled to his hard fate, and when not persecuted by other physical ills than his deafness, we find him cheerful and contented among the small circle of his intimates, ever ready with his joke and his gibe, now cracking some merry jest upon the devoted head of poor Toby Haslinger, the music seller; now sitting in the back room of the "Krone" or "Jägerhorn," reading the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and talking republican politics with his seidel of beer on the table before him, the constables winking at the treason because it was *Beethoven*; now tearing over the hills of Baden and wearing poor Kuhlau's legs off to keep up with him; now poring over Handel and Mozart, and now discussing the Greek tragedies (which he read in translations) with Schindler; at one time trifling with a set of bagatelles, and firing up with indignation, when written to by Peters of Leipsic, that they are unworthy of him; at another forgetting all else and working away for dear life upon variations to a simple waltz, until poor Artaria had three and thirty to print, and begged him for heaven's sake to stop;—no, when such a man pours forth all his individuality in his compositions, gloom cannot be his prevailing, ever-pervading characteristic.

Glance for a moment at the Symphonies. The First full of Mozart and Haydn, written in the prime of manhood, a beautiful composition, but giving little earnest of its successors. The Second, in D, grand, noble, inspiring. The Third, the Eroica, mighty, triumphant, glorious, all but the second movement, and this the outpouring of the woe and despair of tyrant-crushed millions. The Fourth, an outpouring of joy and happiness. The Fifth, the history of those awful conflicts of the soul, at the time when he says himself: "It wanted little, that I myself had taken my life." Here truly is gloom, thick darkness which knows no light,—but oh, what a morning rises triumphant over that gloom, when in the closing movement that sublime song bursts in of triumph and unspeakable joy! The Sixth, the Pastorale, pure hap-

piness; the dance of the peasants so *comic* that none other could have introduced it without marring the perfect beauty of the whole. The Seventh, the principal theme of the first movement light and sparkling as a fountain of crystal, then the very depths of melancholy, and finally a theme of almost extravagant joyousness. The Eighth, one uninterrupted flow of spring and summer. The Ninth, joy so great that it finds *vent in tears*; written in D minor, and when even he, Beethoven, finds all the powers of instrumentation too feeble to express his emotions fully, he calls in the aid of the human voice and adds recitative, solo, chorus, with a text from Schiller's immortal "Ode to Joy."

And yet Beethoven *could* be gloomy! No other man ever so explored the darkest regions of harmony. At the same time I know no instance, where another has so depicted in music happiness too great for utterance. I think no one will deny that it is an invariable rule with the operatic composers best known in this country, to express joy and happiness by the free use of all the instruments in the orchestra. The greater the joy the greater the noise. Look at Rossini, the greatest of the Italians, closing an aria with more braying of trumpets than Mozart or Beethoven need in bringing a Symphony to a conclusion. A certain succession of huge chords being as much a characteristic of an Italian cadence, as the  *jerk* from the second or the seventh into the tonic is of those of Handel.

In "Fidelio," the excitement and sympathy of the auditor is wound up actually to a painful height, in the scene where the devoted wife finds Florestan starving in the lowest dungeon of the fortress, and Pizarro comes with his dagger to put an end to the captive's sufferings. At this point, a pin dropped might be heard throughout the house. Pizarro raises his weapon for the blow—Leonora rushes between the ruffian and her husband. The blow is suspended for an instant. "Who are you that dares arrest my hand?"—"His wife!" Pizarro seizes her, tears her away again, raises the dagger—no earthly power can save poor Florestan—hark! in the distance the sound of the signal trumpet—the prime minister has arrived, Florestan is saved. The husband and wife rush into each other's arms. Not a word, not a sound for a moment—but calm, still, perfectly heavenly music steals out from the orchestra—'tis happiness too great for utterance. And now it swells and deepens, and Florestan and Leonora find words, and all that human heart has felt of the fruition of earthly happiness finds utterance in that wonderful finale of Beethoven's only Opera!

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 30, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law which went into effect on the 30th ult., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, is *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (i. e. in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

☞ We can supply all numbers of the First Volume, now complete, from the beginning. Price, *one dollar*.

### The Fourteenth and Last Afternoon Concert.

We deem the closing concert of the "Germania Serenade Band" worthy of especial notice. It proved more triumphantly than ever what can be realized in the performance of the higher order of orchestral music, by a right organization and discipline of the resident material. We are by no means alone in the opinion that on Wednesday afternoon we listened to the best that ever yet has been accomplished by a Boston orchestra;—we mean of course in the quality of the performance, and not in the scale of magnitude. It was so far our most encouraging sample of domestic manufacture. And as it was the last ap-

pearance for the present,—and there is some cause to fear, forever—of the little orchestra which seems so accidentally and happily to have grown into its present shape, having commenced with merely eking out the summer concert force of Mr. Schnapp's serenade brass band, we wish to make as permanent as we can the impression of its last rich strains, in the hope that the recollection thereof may yet rescue the little orchestra from its ephemeral doom.

The programme, though it contained no Symphony, was rich and sound and varied. It *had* been arranged to open with a light piece, mainly by way of prelude to ensure perfect tune and temper in the *Oberon* overture. But the mournful event of the week dictated the substitution of something more solemn, and a more fitting tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead could not have been rendered by the musicians, than the short requiem piece, for four trombones, the *Amplius*, which was first played at Beethoven's funeral. Its deep, dark, massive chords were impressively rendered by those unearthly brass tones, and reached the hearts of all that crowded audience. Such music was Beethoven-like and Webster-like.

The overture to *Oberon* was more delicately and spiritedly rendered than on the occasion already noted by a white line, at Miss Fairfield's concert. This performance was fully equal to the "Germanians"; and it is no mean triumph to have reached their level in a few instances, although the younger orchestra is as yet by no means so well armed for all emergencies as its older model. Mr. Suck's Andante for violin was a composition of substantial character, full of force and beauty, richly instrumented for the orchestra, with a predominance of mellow sunset tints from the reed instruments, and worthy to be mentioned as in happy contrast with the mechanical *tours de force* so often inflicted on our patience in the shape of violin fantasias. Donizetti was represented in a favorable light by the deeply tragic finale to *Lucia*, rendered with almost incredible truth and beauty, and indeed pathos, by the brass instruments.

The second part opened with an overture new to Boston ears, *Les deux Journées*, by Germans called *Die Wasserträger*, by Cherubini. It is truly an overture of the first class, one of the grand overtures, fit to be mentioned with *Fidelio* and *Egmont* and *Iphigenia* and *Don Juan*. And it was grandly played. Its impression was extremely solemn, as indeed a good part of the music had been so far, and therefore fortunately in harmony with the general key of feeling throughout the community just now. Then came that Two-Part Song of Mendelssohn, newly arranged by Mr. Suck for orchestra. In the first verse the voice parts were represented, (as in the other arrangement so admired at Mlle. Lehmann's concert) by the two trumpets of Messrs. Schnapp and Rimbach; in the other verses they were taken up by reeds. The whole effect was fully as fine as before.

Quite a novelty now followed in the Concertino for four violins, (Messrs. Suck, Weinz, Eichler and A. Endres), with orchestral accompaniment, composed by L. Maurer. The long orchestral introduction was rich and impressive, and there was great beauty and wealth of invention in the several movements and variations which succeeded by the quartet. Only the jocose rondo toward



the end, seemed as if it never *would* end, the theme starting up again and again to renew discussion long after it seemed logically settled. The Waltz piece, which came last, *Harmonie Tanze*, by J. Pfeiffer, was bright and vigorous, and as felicitous a fancy as ever came from Strauss, or Lanner, or Labitzky.

Besides the excellence which this orchestra has acquired in playing, with its salutary stimulus to other orchestras, it has introduced to us in these fourteen concerts a goodly number of new pieces of the higher kinds of music. New to us, we mean. To it we owe Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia*, as well as this of Cherubini; also the noble Symphony of Franz Schubert and one of the best of Haydn's, besides arrangements from Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c. This was good fruit from so modest a beginning.

### Mme. Alboni's Third Concert.

The last was the most brilliant of the three, and was attended by a crowded audience. The new pieces of ALBONI were the *Di Piacer* from *La Gazza Ladra*, admirably sung, as she sings all of the Rossini music; and a piece of variations, written expressly for her, by Sig. Ardit, called "Musical Difficulties Solved;" an astonishingly difficult piece, and calculated to bring out all the peculiarities of her voice and power. Truly we had not believed that human voice could make its way rejoicingly and rapidly and safely through such labyrinths and leaps of melody. It was all done with the ease and freshness of nature, and with the perfectness of art. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." She wore this vocal jewelry as if it were a part of her, as much so as the costly diamonds on her breast. Not having yet heard Sontag, we know no equal and no rival to Alboni in such variation singing.

In the second part we heard the *Casta Diva* with about the same feeling as before; that is, with more admiration that she could so sing it than feeling of the music newly kindled by her. Her part was elegantly given in the *Zitti, zitti* trio from "The Barber"; Sangiovanni's part was well too; but as a whole the thing was nearly spoiled by the coarse, buffoonish imitations of her melodic phrases by the buffo, ROVERE. The summer night's glow and soft sparkle of the music itself was what saved it. The *Non piu mesta* was again splendidly sung, and in answer to the enthusiastic *encore*, nothing could have been more welcome than the Brindisi: *Il Segreto*, so suited to her epicurean and voluptuous voice and style. In this she was gracefully accompanied by Sangiovanni at the piano. Her liquid trill again was sensuous ecstasy itself.

The overtures, (too unimportant a matter, it would seem, to be named in the programme,) were of the most nondescript and forcible-feeble character, and allowed Sig. Ardit full swing in his propensity to lay on the lash. One of them, we are told, was by Flotow, and ended with a noisy brass passage much in the "Hail Columbia" vein. The Spanish duet: "The Mulateers," between Sangiovanni and Rovere was a very pretty, humorous thing, almost as quaint in its way as the dance called *Jota Arragonesa*. Of the other songs, tenor and buffo, we do not retain any very particular impression.

Alboni's singing is of the *dum vicimus vicamus* order, the joy of the present moment, the harmo-

nious luxury of sense fresh to all that there is bright and beautiful. There is, to be sure, "a tear in her voice." It is eminently expressive, and seems to express with perfect ease and smoothness all and even more than the singer seems to yearn to utter. If anything, she sings too easily, too smoothly; it would be more interesting did the feeling and the aspiration seem to struggle somewhat for expression, as in Beethoven's music, (to go to that analogy instead of to another singer). With Alboni's singing all seems accomplished, and nothing left behind, nothing in reserve, as in the sensuous completeness of Rossini's music. No wonder therefore that the spell haunts you not much after you have left the concert room. You have not been profoundly moved, excited to new aspiration, made to feel the Infinite within you and impressed by the great mystery of life. You have had an exquisite enjoyment, but have not carried home a spiritual influence. We marvel how it is that certain critics call this singing warm, while that of Jenny Lind, for instance, was to them so intellectually cold and uninspired with feeling. But, as we have long been convinced, comparisons of this sort are idle. Either singer is of course warmest to the ears that happen to be most congenial; and there are two experiences of lack of warmth; one in those who demand less, and one in those who demand more. The character that has most and deepest feeling will often seem the coldest and the most reserved to those who ask but little feeling and to have that little always openly and unreservedly expressed.

With this confession we can still admire ALBONI as a great singer, one of the greatest. Perhaps she is more perfect in her kind, than either Lind or Sontag are in theirs. But the mistake of common criticism is in measuring difference of spheres by difference of degrees. At all events, the privilege of hearing such an artist as ALBONI is one which we would never willingly forego.

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.—By the advertisement in another column it will be seen that this excellent institution is already prepared to take orders for Lithography and Wood-cuts, to be executed by its pupils. The Annual Report, now before us, shows that the first year's progress fully equals the anticipations of its founders. The number of pupils has averaged seventy throughout the year, and want of room (now remedied) has prevented the receiving of a larger number. Regretting that we cannot give the whole Report, we extract the following passages.

"To extend the sphere of employment for Women, by opening to them a new and profitable occupation fitted to develop their minds and talents, was the first object which the founders of this institution proposed. To aid the manufactures of the country, by furnishing new and valuable designs for all fabrics to which design is applicable, is a hardly less important purpose intimately connected with the former; while the elevation of taste, through a more thorough study of nature, and a more skilful use of forms and colors, is a result so inevitable from the means employed to ensure success in our other aims, as to render our enterprise as interesting to the artist as to the manufacturer and philanthropist."

"The large pecuniary assistance furnished at the outset by manufacturers, proves their sense of the importance of the project, and more extended inquiries show the almost unlimited demand which exists for designs in various styles.

So rapidly have the manufacturers of New England increased that it is difficult for the fancy to keep pace with them. As Dr. Franklin's mother regretted that her son should enter the overcrowded business of printing, because there was already one newspaper in America, so, many ask now, 'Will not a very few designers soon overstock the market?' We would mention, in answer to this question, that one single house in Boston employs four designers constantly, sending two fresh designs to their mills every day. When we remember the immense amount of printed calicoes and lawns, mousseline de laines, gingham, shawls, table cloths, paper hanging, oil cloth for floors and car linings, coach lace, &c., which are constantly manufactured and whose value is greatly dependent on the excellence of the design, to say nothing of designs for furniture, china and glass ware, jewelry, stucco work, iron railings and ornaments, we see that in fitting a woman for a designer we ensure to her an ample field and a sure reward for talent and industry."

"All the pupils on entering will devote several months to a thorough elementary course of outline geometric drawing, followed by drawing from nature and casts, instructions in botany, &c., until the pupils themselves and their instructors can judge of their capacities for higher branches. They will then select the peculiar department they wish to enter and follow a course of instruction especially adapted to it. In their present instructors the Committee have thus far found their hopes fully realized; they propose to retain them, and to procure the best practical talent in the specific branches, which the means placed at their disposal will allow."

"Up to this time the training of the pupils has been altogether elementary, but the School begins to be in a position to advertise for undertaking work of various kinds; such as wood engraving and lithography, designing for paper hangings, car linings, table cloths, and other manufactures; and the best instruction that can be procured will be given in designing for calicoes and de laines, the most important and difficult branches. The demand for this labor is very great and constantly increasing; the only problem is to educate artists who can meet it."

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Redding and Co. for a pleasing lithograph of HENRIETTE SONTAG. Copies may be purchased at their counter for the low price of 25 cents.

### Musical Review.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Album for young Pianists*. Nos. 2 and 3. Reprint by Geo. P. Reed & Co. Boston.

It is a remarkable fact, as proving the desire in our community to make acquaintance with music that has new and real meaning, that some 250 copies of the first number of the Album, as reprinted here, were sold in the first week. Mr. Reed's edition is an exact facsimile of the German, vignette and all; the only blemish is that the division of what was originally one into four parts is made too permanent by repeating each time the vignette on the back side of a page of music. But never mind, the music is all there! We have already told what charming, characteristic little poems these short pieces are. The first number contained the simplest of them; these last two sets increase in difficulty, yet the hardest are so easy and so short as to ensure the contempt of the finger magicians of the fashionable school of piano-playing. It is for style, and meaning and real artistic beauty that they claim regard, and not for any *ad captandum* qualities, or for teaching any new slight of hand to the aforesaid virtuosos. These are modest little pieces to enrich the home of any young pianist, who would command some of the real influence of select music, without mastering great mechanical difficulties.

In these two sections of the Album we find the delicate, warm, blithe "Spring Song;" the exquisitely simple and sad "First Loss;" the "Reaper's Song," which Mr. Suck so appropriately arranged for the reed instruments of his summer orchestra; then the *Reiterstück*

(horseback piece) in which the distant tramp, swelling nearer and louder, is full of the marvellous, as is that other wild, ballad-like piece, called the "Stranger Man," in which the terror of children seems depicted. There is the "Harvest Song," too, and "Recollection," and the "War Song," and the "Vintage Song," graceful as the tendrils of the vine itself; and "Sheherazade" and "Mignon" embalm recollections of Arabian Nights and Goethe; and choicest of all, the pieces whose only titles are three stars, as indicating some more private, sacred meaning.

**The Tuner's Guide.** A complete treatise on tuning the Piano-Forte, Organ, &c. Boston: O. Ditson. New York: Gould & Berry. 72 pages, 16 mo.

This very useful little volume does not belie nor fall short of the profession of its title page. It does contain clear and complete instructions in the art of tuning, so far as our present keyed instruments are capable of perfect tune; that is, upon the accepted principle of *temperament*. Of course, it is not for the more conscientious ears of our Correspondent "E. H.," and the inventors of the "Euharmonic Organ." The object of the book is practical, and simply suited to the present requirements of a musical life, without anticipating the mathematically perfect era of our friends. It "conveys, in the simplest and most intelligible manner, the knowledge, both theoretical and practical, necessary to enable any one to tune his own instrument." The only science presupposed in the reader is an understanding of the terms, *unison, octave, perfect fifths, major thirds, &c.*

The system explained and reduced to practice is that of *Equal Temperament*, which is mathematically demonstrated in the second part of the work. Other modes of temperament, as that of the Earl of Stanhope, are also more or less explained. The book is anonymous, but its materials have been carefully collated and harmonized from the standard treatises of Hamilton and others.

To the theoretic part are appended copious exercises and examples in tuning; a minute list of the causes of defects in pianos (such as *keys sticking, wires jingling, &c.*) with their remedies: and the application of the same principles to the tuning of melodeons, seraphines and reed organs.

As a sample of the style of the book, take the following description of the starting point in the process, which is the tuning the two strings of the same note in *unison*:

"Supposing the instrument to be in tune, let the student place his tuning hammer upon one of the *pegs, or pins*, round which the strings are coiled—say, upon one of the strings belonging to the note C, and turn the hammer a little towards the left, so as to relax the string, and thereby depress or flatten its pitch. If we now strike the note C, the collision of the two dissimilar notes will produce that harsh and jarring effect which we are sensible of when we touch a note that is much out of tune. Let him then turn the hammer to the right, gently and by almost imperceptible degrees; and if he listen attentively, he will observe that, as the pitch of the two strings approaches more and more nearly towards coincidence, he will at first hear a number of strong and rapid pulsations or *beats*, which, as the coincidence becomes greater, will succeed each other more and more slowly, till they degenerate into mere gentle undulations or *waves*; and these, as we proceed, will at length disappear, and give place to one steady, pure, and continuous sound, when the two strings will be perfectly in *unison* to each other. This progression from a mere confused and jarring sound to strong beats, first quicker and then slower, and from these again to smooth and gentle wavings, and, ultimately, to one pure and uninterrupted sound, must be thoroughly impressed upon the ear and mind of the student; as these gradations are the *mechanical means* upon which the art of tuning depends, and without a distinct perception of them through their various degrees, it is morally impossible, even with the finest musical ear, to tune a piano-forte tolerably."

Take, too, the following definition of "Temperament":

"In the usual acceptation of the term, *temperament* denotes a small, and, to the ear, almost imperceptible, deviation from the absolute purity of intervals, which is rendered necessary in practice by the various relations in which musical sounds may be employed both in harmony and melody."

"In a more limited sense, *temperament* denotes that arrangement of a system of musical sounds, in which a minute quantity is abstracted from the original purity or magnitude of some or most of the intervals which may be formed by them, in order that all the sounds of the system may be so connected, that each one may not only form serviceable intervals with all the rest, but also that each one may be employed as the root of a major or minor scale, every note of which shall preserve the due relation of intervals with regard to each root."

B. F. BAKER AND L. H. SOUTHARD. *The Union Glee Book: consisting of Gleees, Quartets and Part Songs.* Boston: Henry Tolman. pp. 104.

This is a nice little collection, in which you may find

"treasures old and new." Many of the pieces are designed for social, family use, and consist of favorite songs well harmonized, such as the *Io preghero per te* from *Lucia*, Spohr's "Minona," &c. Others may be sung either with a mere quartet of voices, or in full chorus, like that noble Glee, of Mr. Southard's, to words from Ossian: "When thou, O Stone," Kreutzer's "Chapel," or the lighter "Barcarolle," by Mr. Southard, "When o'er lake and forest streaming, by Mr. Baker, &c., &c. There is an agreeable mixture of old and new, of Italian Opera, German Part Song, and English Glee, as well as of gravity and gayety, sentiment and simple love of life and nature. For the multiplication both of pieces and of collections of this character, there is more good cause than for the multiplication of Psalm tunes; and we trust that this pleasant little addition to the stock of social music will be appreciated. Both the words and notes are clearly and handsomely printed.

## Musical Intelligence.

### Local.

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, our readers will be pleased to see, announces her second concert at the Melodeon this evening. The programme is a fine one and will exhibit the Danish (now our own) *cantatrice* in a variety of styles of music, including her great piece, the Prayer and Scena from "Der Freyschütz," which is made the closing piece. Besides this, she is to sing a Scena and Aria from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, Rossini's *Una voce poco fa*, and an air from Donizetti's "Crusaders." The overtures, by the same well-selected orchestra as before, are those to *Egmont* and to *Fra Diavolo*. Mr. PERABEAU will play Weber's *Concert-Stück*, and Mr. RIHA part of one of David's violin concertos.

A tribute of respect to the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER will be introduced between the two parts of the concert—namely, Beethoven's *Dirge*, for four trombones, the same referred to in our notice of the concert of last Wednesday afternoon.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL will be inaugurated on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 20th, by a brilliant concert. Mme. ALBONI has been engaged for that occasion at an expense of \$1200. She will sing three times, in music of her three great countrymen, Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti. On the other hand, the four great German Oratorio composers, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are to be represented in a chorus each, including of course the sublime "Hallelujah," performed by our oratorio societies. Overtures of Mozart and Weber, parts of Symphonies by Beethoven and Mozart, by the Musical Fund orchestra; German part-singing by the "Liedertafel," under Mr. Kreissmann, and other items not yet fully settled, will add to the variety, and the whole feast will illustrate a goodly number of the greater lights among composers, as well as bring out the force of all our principal societies. We hope next week to be able to announce the bill entire.

The staging from the inside of the Hall was taken down this week, and the effect to the eye has been one of unexampled harmony of form and color. A trial of its acoustic virtues by a few voices with piano has shown that it is easy to sing in, and that sounds come out with great richness and fulness; but the reverberation between floor and ceiling, unavoidable in all large empty halls, without seats, made this of course anything but a true trial.

We had designed to give a full description of the hall, and history of the enterprise now crowned with such beautiful result; but for want of room we must postpone it till next week.

With great pleasure we announce the arrival from Germany of Mr. OTTO DRESEL, a pianist and composer of the higher order, who formerly in New York held rank with Timm, Rackemann and Scharfenberg. We have truly needed such an artist and such a teacher among us. Those who have read the papers upon CHOPIN in our columns, will rejoice in the opportunity of hearing his most delicate and deep music from the hands of an authentic, passionate interpreter. Mr. Dresel, too, is equally at home in the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Robert Franz, &c., which, as well as his own tone-poems, he possesses in his mind and fingers. Mr. D. is a gentleman of superior general

culture and refinement. He is not a mere finger virtuoso, but one who makes the piano a means and not an end. His intention is to reside in Boston and give instruction; and to no one can we more confidently commend those who would become initiated into the genuine and enduring classics, old and new, that have been written for our common parlor instrument.

Mr. LOUIS RACKEMANN, we are sorry to learn, has renounced his plan of leaving England to reside in Boston.

Mr. TRENKLE, whose Card may be found in another column, is eminently worthy of the patronage of our musical public as a teacher of the piano. He has attained great skill as a pianist, both in the classical and new school music, is a modest and refined gentleman, and has that true musical and moral sensibility that distinguish an artist.

MME. ANNA THILLON has been drawing crowds again for two weeks at the Howard. Her charm of person and of manner, making up one whole with her slender, but graceful singing, seems to be always popular. Her pieces so far have been the *Domino Noir* and *La Fille de Regiment*. She is soon to appear in the "Enchantress."

## Advertisements.

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**Mademoiselle CAROLINE LEHMANN** HAS the honor of announcing to the citizens of Boston that her

#### SECOND GRAND CONCERT

will take place

**This (Saturday) Evening, October 30th,** assisted by a GRAND ORCHESTRA, selected from the Musical Fund Society, Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and other resident artists.

Mr. PERABEAU will perform the brilliant "Concert-Stück" of Weber, for Piano-Forte, with Orchestra.

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Tickets, 50 cents each, to be obtained at the Music Stores and principal Hotels.

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### MR. J. TRENKLE,

RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM GERMANY, has the pleasure to inform the public of Boston and vicinity, that he will give **INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE**. For terms and particulars, inquire at Chickering's and Reed's music-stores. 4 4t

### LESSONS IN SINGING.

**J. K. SALOMONSKI** has the honor to announce that, having returned to the city, he will resume his profession, and receive pupils in Singing and the Cultivation of the Voice. Application may be made at the United States Hotel, or at Mr. Salomonski's rooms, No. 36 Oxford Street. 4 4t

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### MADemoiselle BAUMANN

INFORMS her friends and the public that she has returned to Boston, and is prepared to give lessons in SINGING and ON THE PIANO. She may be found at No. 4 Winter Place, between the hours of 9 and 1, A. M.

Mlle. BAUMANN has permission to refer to

Mrs. GEORGE TICKNOR,

Mrs. THEO. CHASE,

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Dr. GEORGE DERBY,

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Apr. 10.







